Aroun' the Boreens

Agnes I. Hanrahan

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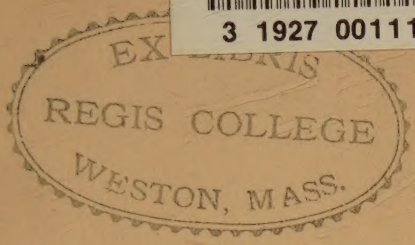

Aroun' the Boreens

A Little Book of Celtic Verse by

Mrs AGNES I. HANRAHAN

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
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To
KATHLEEN

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AROUN' THE BOREENS

ROSIES

There's a Rosie Show in Derry,
  An' a Rosie Show in Down;
An' 'tis like there's wan I'm thinkin'
  'Ill be held in Randalstown.
But if I had the choosin'
  Av a rosie prize the day,
'Twould be a pink wee rosie
  Like he plucked whin rakin' hay.
Yon pink wee rosie in my hair—
He fixt it troth—an' kissed it there!
White gulls wor wheelin' roun' the sky,
    Down by—down by.

Ay, there's rosies sure in Derry,
  An' there's famous wans in Down;
Och there's rosies all a hawkin'
  Through the heart av London town!
But if I had the liftin'
  Or the buyin' av a few,
I'd choose jist pink wee rosies
  That's all drenchin' wid the dew—
Yon pink wee rosies wid the tears!
Och wet, wet tears!—ay, troth 'tis years
Since we kep' rakin' in the hay
    Thon day—thon day!

HER CHERRY-TREE ABLOOM

I mind the jauntin'-cars a jinglin'
  Down the hill by Bracknaburn;
I mind the jauntin'-cars a joltin'
  Roun' the ruts by Davy's Turn;
But troth a little cart a drivin'
  Past a cherry-tree ablow—
Ay, thon's the noiseless wheels I'm hearin'
  When the peat burns low!

'Tis like there's jauntin'-cars still jinglin'
  Down the hill by Bracknaburn;
Ay, troth, an' jauntin'-cars a joltin'
  Past the wood by Davy's Turn;
But och! no little cart's a hidin'
  Where we kissed for cherry-bloom!—
Sure 'tis but drifts av snow that's drivin'
  Roun' my lone, wee room!

MAUREEN

Ay, yonder the thrushes is pipin' now,
'Way up the wee boreen;
But maybe 'tis lonesome enough they'll look
Waitin' on my Maureen!
An' rosies is climbin' roun' hedges the day,
An' peepin' down by, for to smell the new hay:
Och but sure the wee child does be far away—
Maureen—Maureen!

An' down in the glen they're whistlin' a tune—
The tune you loved, Maureen;
But sad is yon grass that grows on a grave—
Ay, grass so young an' green!
Och circus wee ponies is jinglin' in town,
An' swallows is wheelin' an' twitt'rin aroun',
Ay, but sure av your voice for to hear wan soun',
Maureen—Maureen!

BY AUGHNA BRAE

I mind the burn; I mind the brae;
  I mind the church an' spire!
An' och! our Sunday-ribboned hair—
  An' us aroun' the fire!

The church had rainbow-windies, sure,—
  Green glass an' rosy-white—
We said the sun come peepin' in
  To watch the taper-light!

But, och! if only I could mind
  Jist how wee childer pray—
I'd quit my strivin' to forget
  Thon spire by Aughna Brae!

CRAUSHEEN

"Ay so, a wee house,
An' three acres av green;
A cow for to milk,
An' the farm av Crausheen!
There' peat in her stack,
There' hay in her shed;—
Ay, a pony an' cart,
An' a welcome to wed!"
"No acres av green,
Nor farm av Crausheen,
'Ill ever, I'm thinkin',
Make wed yer Paudeen!"

"I've ne'er a wee house,
Nor three acres av green;
No cow for to milk,
Nor a farm like Crausheen!"
"If sorra a sod,
A wisp, or a cow,
Troth, there's goold in the coils
That's a twinin' yer brow!
We'll pace the boreen,
An' covet Crausheen."
" 'Tis love ye'll be weddin',
I doubt, my Paudeen!"

"There' ne'er a wee house
  Och the day on Crausheen—
'Tis trains I hear tell
  Winds along the boreen!
There' goold in our Bank,
  There' stock an' there' share;—
Ay, an' linger av goold
  In the dusk av yer hair!
Three acres av green—
  Wee house av Crausheen!
'Tis mistin' we see them
  From Broadway—Maureen!"

LONE CHILDER

When the wind was soft sobbin' the night
'Twas for sorra I'm thinkin' it sighed—
Maybe tellin' some wandh'rin' wee gust
For to hush where lone childer had died!

PATCH AV GREEN AN' FIELD AV CORN

Ay, a field av goold corn jist ferenst a wee green,
An' a lonesome red rosy-bush bloomin' between;
An' up yonder tall reapers is mountin' the brae,
Och! but sorra a child on the green for to play!
Sure 'tis sheafs av ripe corn 'ill be gathered the day!

Ay, a field av goold corn jist fernenst a wee green,
But no childer to pluck thon red rosies between;
An' I'm thinkin' there's daisies bewhiles in the grass,
Does be liftin' their heads for to see a child pass,
Och! that's wearin' wee chains av pink daisies to Mass!

An' 'tis lonesome enough is thon room in the night,
Ay, an' silent in troth in the shine av sunlight!
Och! wee clocks in the green blew the hours av the day,
An' 'twas cheatin' the years sure they wor wid their play—
For wee childer's all ris up an' reapin' the day!

MARY BURKE

Och! shure 'tis well I mind the day
Whin out we set for Galway Bay;
The sun was shinin' on yer brow—
I sees it all as if 'twas now!
To Ballyvaughan off we wint,
The gladdest day I ever spint—
Mary Burke—Mary Burke!

An' so we talked o' times to come,
An' how we'd have our little home;
The smile o' God was in your eyes,
An' thin the moon begin to rise—
Your hand was lyin' close in mine,
As down I dhropped the fishin'-line—
Mary Burke—Mary Burke!

An' whin we come to Galway town,
Childer was sleepin' safe an' soun'—
Your cheeks was like two roses bright,
As home I wint an' bid good-night;
An' all my dreams was thoughts av you,
Till flow'rs shone out wid mornin' dew—
Mary Burke—Mary Burke!

But since ye've reached the goolden shore—
'Twas angels called you, shure, *asthore!*—
The lights looks quinch'd in Galway town.
But eyes from Heav'n is beamin' down
To speed me on, on Galway Bay,
Until 'tis you, an' God I'll see!—
Mary Burke—Mary Burke!

THE LONE THORN

A young, white-thorn—a young, white-thorn
  An' maybe it's mindin' the day
Its bended wee boughs were swayin' their green,
  An' beck'nin' us up from the hay!

A wee white-thorn—a wee white-thorn
  Stands its lone by an ivied hut;
Och! peepin' down by at an empty barn—
  Ay, an' watchin' a silent rut!

The wee blown-thorn—the wee blown-thorn
  An' sorra a wan for to mind;
But maybe 'tis God is cradlin' lone boughs,—
  Jist rockin' them soft on the wind!

"An' how are ye doin', och! Mrs. Magee?"
"Sure, maybe 'tis rightly, eh, Mr. O'Hea?"
An' she tilted her hat,
An' tugged at her veil;
But she hid in her cart
Her duds an' her pail.
"Sure 'tis powerful well ye're lookin' this while,"
"Maybe strivin' to please," she said wid a smile.
Widow Magee tripped over the wheel;
Martin O'Hea set down his wee creel,
An' bowin', he giv her his hand!

"How many wee heifers?" asked Mr. O'Hea;
"Och! gen'rally always a couple or three:"
" 'Tis a couple I'm told,
An' that, sure, is few."
"If ye'd come for to count,
Ye'd maybe have knew!"
"But 'tis terrible well ye're lookin' the day;"
"An' why wouldn't I now, an' it bloomin' in May?"
Mrs. Magee went circlin' the town;
Mr. O'Hea kep' followin' roun',
An' thinkin' av ways he had planned.

"An' how's the wee childer, eh! Mrs. Magee;
I'm strivin' to mind jist how many there be?"
"There's four little sprigs troth,
An' they, sure 's alive."
"But I heared tell the day
The number is five!"
"Och! maybe ye're reck'nin' two twins, sure, as
three;"—
"Ay, or maybe ye've strayed in the count," said he:
Mrs. Magee was clippin' the tot;
Five little sprigs might seem a big lot,
An' her wantin' his farm av land!

"Ye've heifers, an' childer, ay, Mrs. Magee;
But maybe 'tis lonesome in Loughanaree;—
A man, sure, in handy
About a wee farm;—
He'd shelter ye safe, ay,
An' shield ye from harm!—
'Tis hardship the likes av ye ruckin' yer hay."—
"I'd maybe, I'm thinkin', be ruein' the day!"
Martin O'Hea went drivin' to church,
Sure that he'd not be left in the lurch—
A widow in white giv her hand!

WEE CHRISTY CAREW

There wor ponies a sellin' 'way up in Moysan;
Ay, an' ponies a buyin' aroun' by Lough Rann;
But little Dap Grey an' her out on the grass
Stood waitin' on childer to school for to pass;—
Ay, in troth, an' she knew
His swift foot in the dew;—
Wid his books in a strap,
An' a finger'd ould map,
An' rosiest apples—och Christy Carew!

There wor ponies a cant'rin' roun' hills in a race;
Ay, but pony-carts comin' kep' slack'nin' their pace!
Och! little Dap Grey saw the black horses pass—
An' somethin' a shoulder'd by men after Mass!—
Maybe rightly she knew,
Like his step in the dew;—
For she quit for to look
Jist for apple or book,
A mindin' I'm thinkin'—wee Christy Carew!

BRAUGHAN

Blue-bells grew thick in Braughan;
  There wor foxgloves in the glen.
Ay, I mind the childer liltin'
  An' they whistlin' wid the men.

'Twas rain fell soft in Braughan,
  By thon far bit fields av green;
An' 'twas kindly winds, I'm thinkin',
  Swept the lonesome wee boreen!

There's blue bewhiles in Braughan;
  Ay, an' pink in Foxglove Glen;
But who be the wide-eyed childer,—
  Ay, who be the grey-beard men?

THE FLITTIN'

Sure, the little house is tumblin' now:
  Ay, tumblin' ev'ry day;
But my own wee lad is makin' goold
  Far out beyont the say;
An' the little lad is growin' fast—
  Is growin' brave an' tall;
Och! if only I could see him wanst—
  Jist wanst before the fall!

Will he never quit his askin' now,
  How things does be wid me!
"How's the wee heifers doin' at all?"
  "An' how's the hawthorn-tree?"
The flittin' 'ill be on Monday first,
  From th' oul' house to the new!
I's terrible bad, the neighbors say—
  The docthor knows it too.

Sure, the little house is fallin' fast—
  Ay, fallin' all aroun';—
The heifers is sold to Dan Magee
  To pay my keep in town;
Thon hawthorn all, is wither'd now,
  I'll never see it bloom,
For God in Heav'n is waitin' on me—
  An' knows I'm comin' soon!

But my own wee lad is earnin' goold,
  Far out beyont the say;
An' he bees thinkin' I'm mendin' now—
  Happy in troth the day!
Och! the little home is broken up;—
  To quit it now is sore;
But God, I know, 'ill see me through,
  As I shuts th' oul' brown door!

NEW LAMBS

I shut thon windies, sure,
That's openin' wide the day;—
I strived to whisht the bleatin' lambs
Down by fernenst the brae!
I stole an' closed the door;
I latched the windies tight;—
The bleatin' av the lambs was on me—
God's new wee lambs thon night!

Ay, troth, I took the road,
I faced my way to town;—
To-day I'm thankin' God there's lambs,
An' heartsome sheep aroun'!
Bewhiles I dream av fields—
Wide fields, an' slow, glad sheep;—
When bleatin' av wee lambs is on me,
Dream-childer comes wid sleep!

WEE WINDIES LOOKIN' WEST

Tho' her house the day's a tumblin'
  There's sorra a wan to tell
Why wee rosies climbed her windies
  An' the moss peeped down her well;
Sure the blue-bells in the wood-way
  Shed their dew-drops at her feet;—
An' the thrushes joined to pipin'
  When they knowed the time we'd meet!

There's an' ould thatch-house a tossin',
  Ay, the men is out from town;—
An' 'tis whisht I doubt is thrushes
  Whilst wee walls is fallin' down!—
An' thon clouds av goold that's trailin'
  Since the men's gone home to rest,
Is for partin' shine, I'm thinkin',
  On wee windies lookin' West!

Ay, an' ould wee house a tumblin',
  But sorra a wan to know
Be my colleen crowned wid sunshine,
  Och, or shrouded sure in snow!
An' bewhiles I thinks she laughin',
  In a wood-way or boreen,—
But there's rosies, ay, an' blue-bells,
  An' a sight av years between!

MACHREE

Ay, we laughed among the goolden gorse—
  Jist two childer on the brae—
An' set wee fairy grasses noddin'
  To the gulls fernenst the bay;
Ay, I mind the quare big house beyont,
  An' I mind the ould boreen;
Och! the sun kep' chasin' through the corn,
  An' it trailed along the green,
    Ay, troth—*machree!*

But 'tis like there's corn jist stiff in stooks,
  An' a drizzlin' mist the day;
Troth an' ne'er a shine av goold forby,
  'Mong the bracken on the brae!
Ay, I mind the quare big house beyont,
  But I mind the wee wan best;—
Och 'twas wind sighed lonesome in the corn,
  When we laid you down to rest
    Machree—machree!

PAUDEEN

"What is it beyont that ye're watchin', Paudeen,
An' thrushes a waitin' 'way down the boreen?"
"Jist the ribbons above av the rainbow ye see!
I'm wantin' to steal from a ribbon up there—
I'd tie it, I'm thinkin', aroun' yer goold hair,—
For God's bindin' is best, my wee Grania Magee!—

An' rosiest ribbons the angels e'er seen,
Ay, archin' aroun' to yer own Aughareen,
They'd be sparin' an' welcome for Grania *machree*
"But troth, an' they'd wonder our aimin' so high!"
"I'd tell them the goold was a wee bit av sky,
Och! afeared they'd come covetin'—Grania Magee!"

He wrought in the field through the length av the day,
A tossin', an' lappin', an' ruckin' his hay;
Wid never a care but a meadow to mow,—
Or maybe wee crops in the Spring for to sow;
Ay, but Molly Carew
Wid a ribbon av blue
Come a slippin' down by on a ledge!

A strokin' wee heifers he strolled to the lane,
Jist whistlin', an' liltin', nor seein' soft rain;
An' never a thought but the trip av her feet—
Or the twist av thorn-fence where maybe they'd meet!—
But sure Molly Carew,
Wid wee Martin McHugh
Come a whisperin' roun' by the hedge!

Ay, down in his field, an' hedges ablow—
Wee trailin' white trains an' they glintin' like snow—
He'd sorra a thought but the bride he'd have wed!
Thon wisp av blue silk—or the words he'd have said!—
Och but Mrs. HcHugh,—
Troth she never jist knew!—
An' him trimmin' the twist av a hedge!

CHILDLESS

When bewhiles there's the soft-fallin' show'rs,
  An' the sun all ashine,
Sure 'tis maybe wee dream-childers' tears
  Jist for daisies to twine!

THE ROAD TO CURRASHEEN

There's a lonesome, rugged road,
  An' it leads to Currasheen;
Brown bogs lies close along it,
  An' there's ne'er a patch av green.
But och the sun kep' smilin',
  On the way to Currasheen;
An' ev'ry bog was beamin'
  Wid the love av my Paudeen!

Bewhiles when I be thinkin'
  Av thon road to Currasheen,
The Goolden Gates come nearer,
  An' I seems to see Paudeen!—
Tho' there's star-ways all through Heav'n
  Lightin' smooth wee paths between,
We'll search in troth for lone bogs
  Like what led to Currasheen!

PINK DAISIES

A couple av childer played out in a field,
A blowin' wee clocks for the hours;
They chased a white butterfly roun' the may-bloom;
They gather'd the buttercup flow'rs!—

But when they made a daisy-chain,
My eyes wor mistin', tears, like rain:
Och! years had dimmed thon patch av green!—
'Twas wee broke chains—pink chains I seen,
As I tramped along the lane;
Ay, an' trudged the lone boreen!—

THE CHILD-BRIDE

Tread lightly in the lane-way,
A little bride's asleep—
Last night along the shadows
We heard the Banshee creep!

O from each little feather'd coat
There trills a birdeen's wakening note!
The may's new blooms decked out in white
Tip-toed on branches down the night!

Love lingers in the lane-way—
O, wooing thrush-mate's song!
Love laughs among the may-blooms;
The child-bride's sleep is long * * * —

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